

**GOLD
KEY**

SNOOPER and BLABBER

NOW ONLY 12c

SNOOPER and BLABBER DETECTIVES



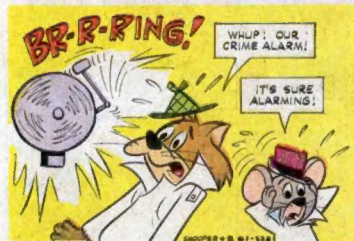
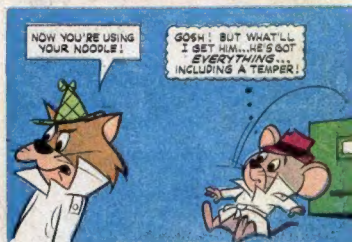
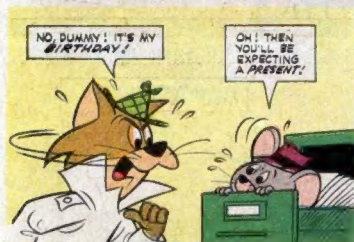
by HANNA-BARBERA

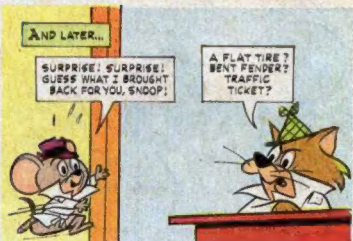
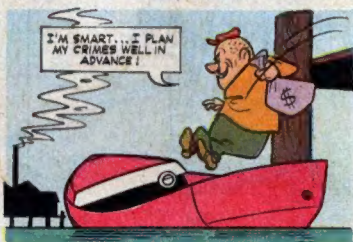
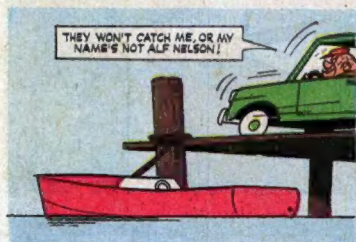
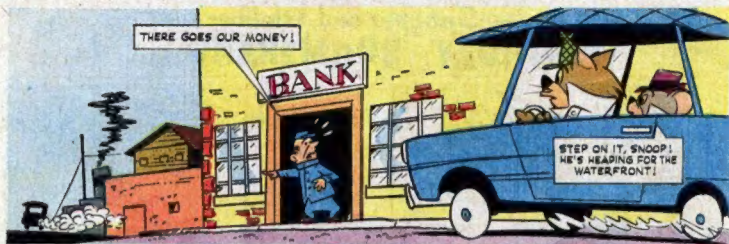
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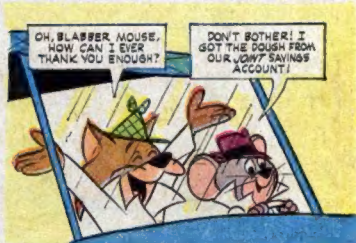
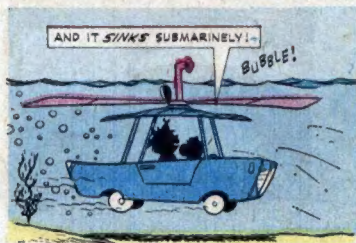
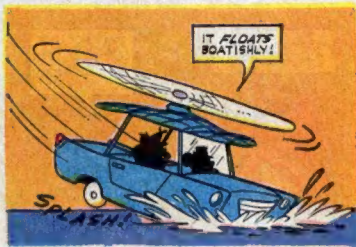
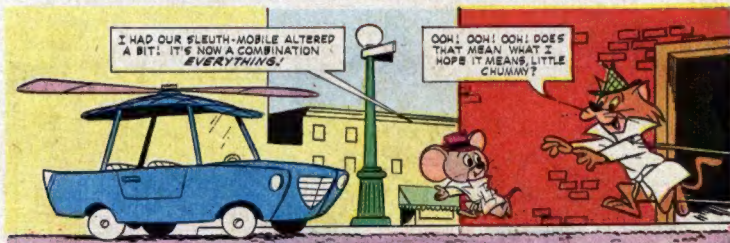
SNOOPER and BLABBER

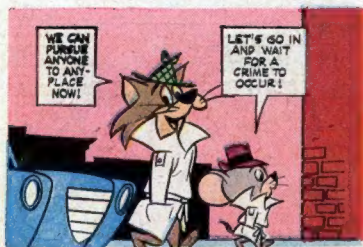


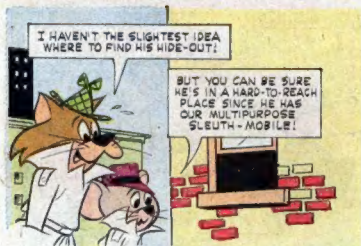
Hanna-Barbera **Snooper and Blabber**
BIRTHDAY BOOMERANG

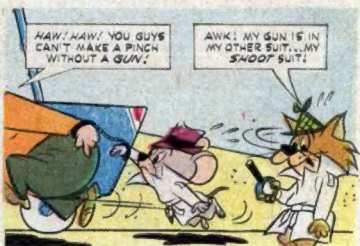
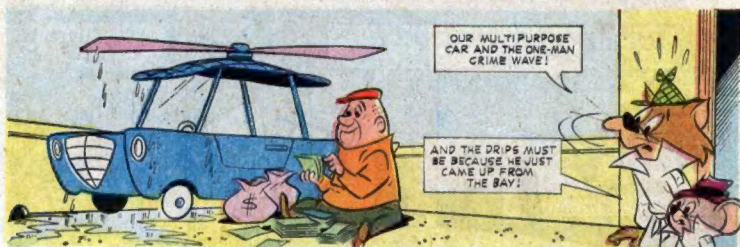


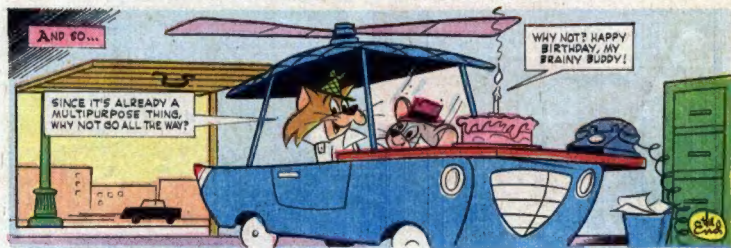
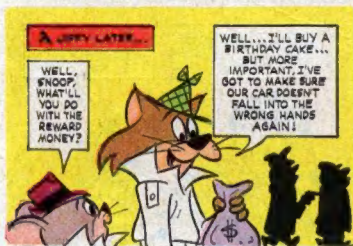
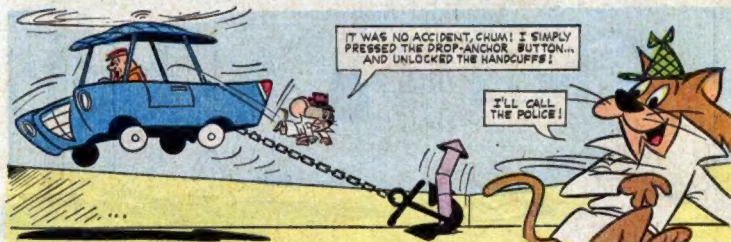
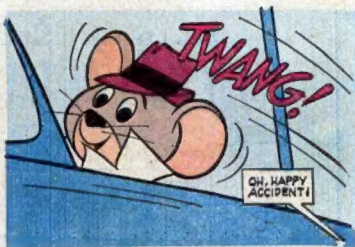
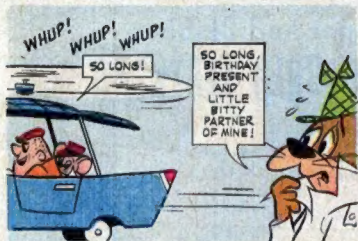






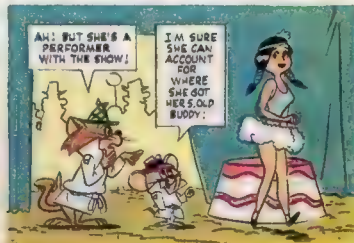
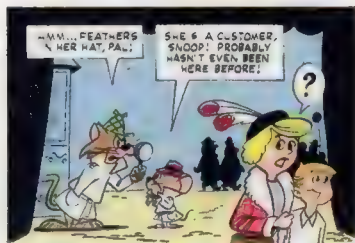
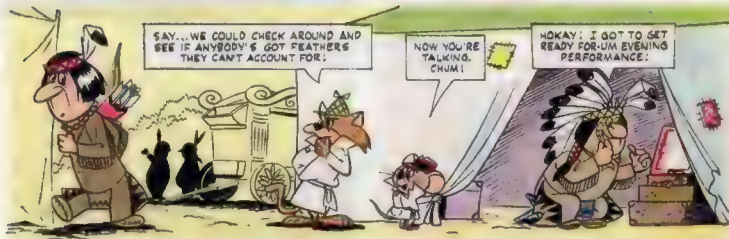
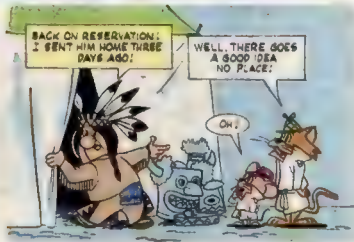
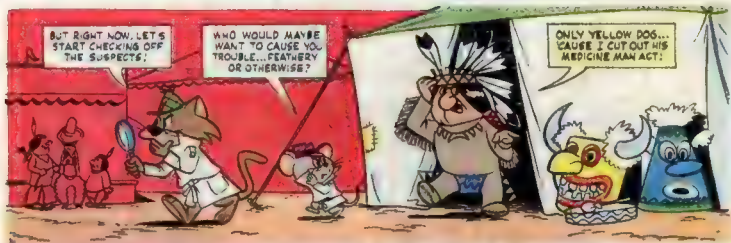


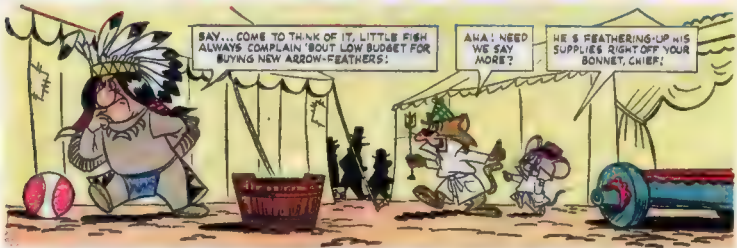
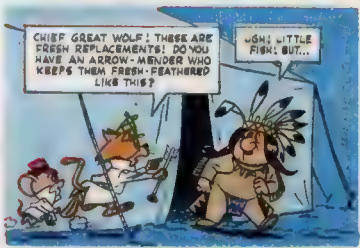
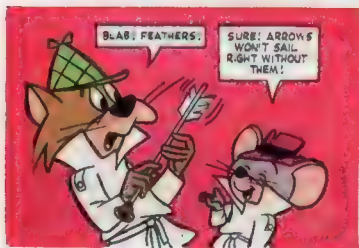
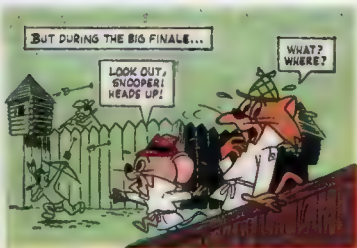
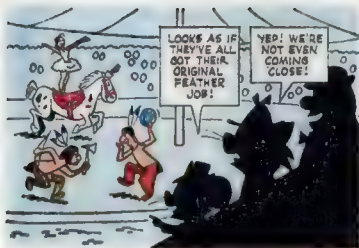


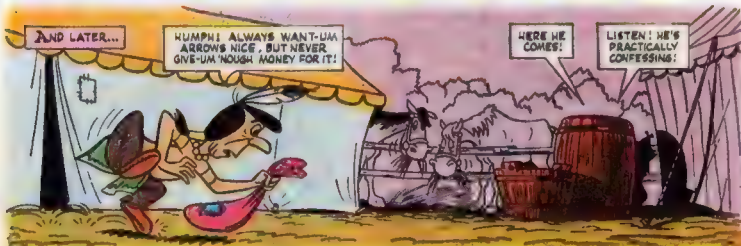
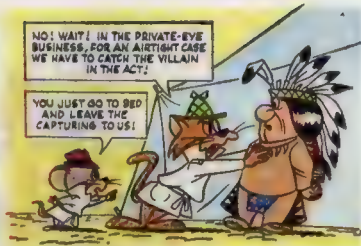


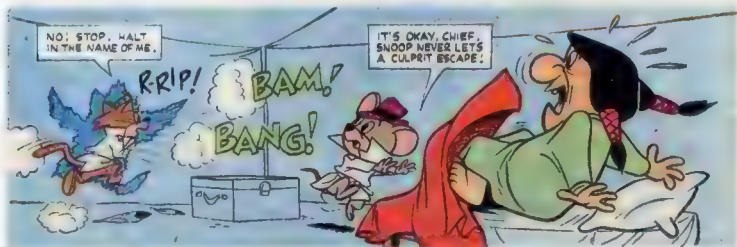
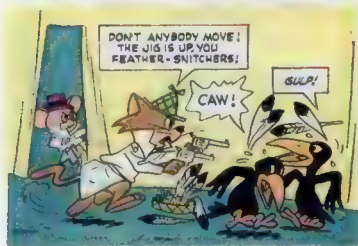
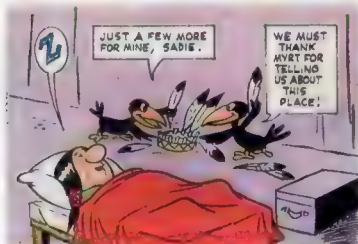
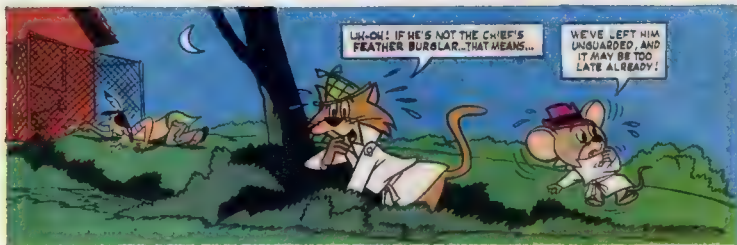
Hanna-Barbera Snooper and Blabber
THE CASE OF THE FILCHED FEATHERS

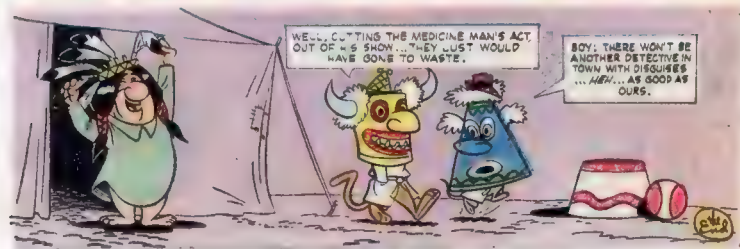
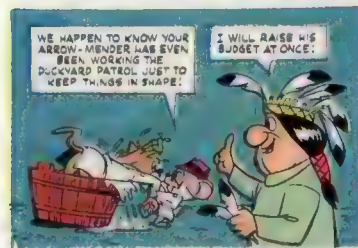
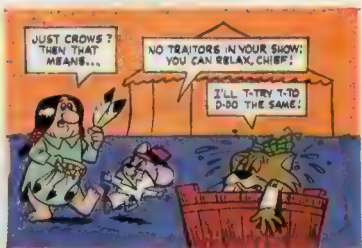
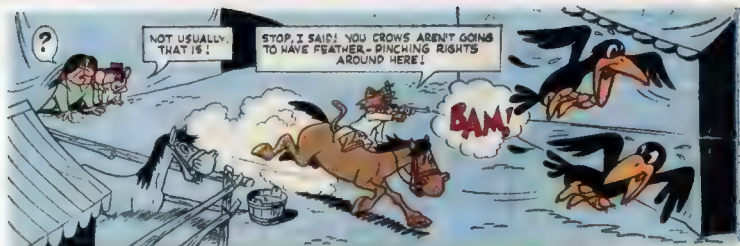




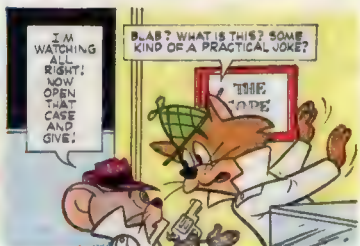
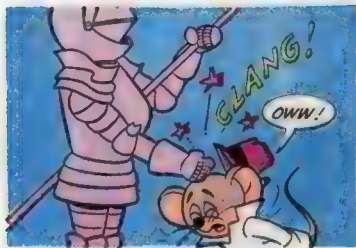
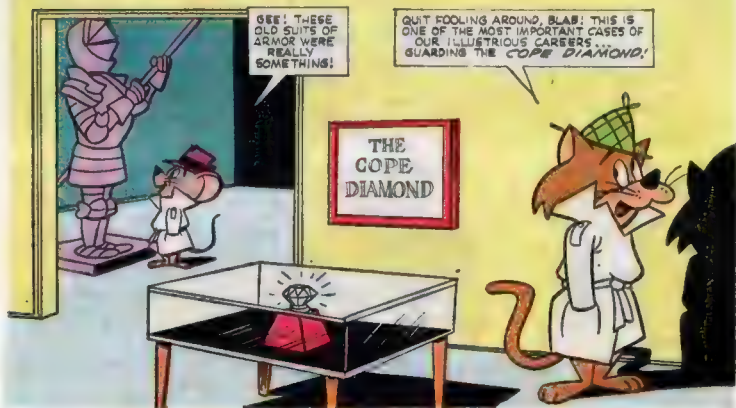


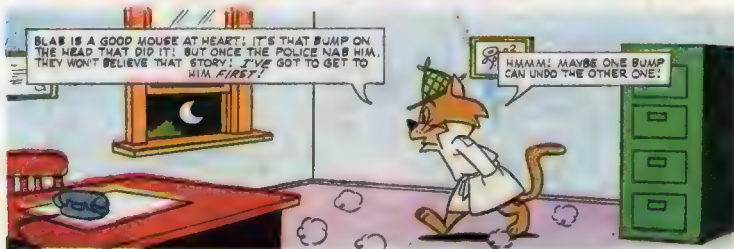
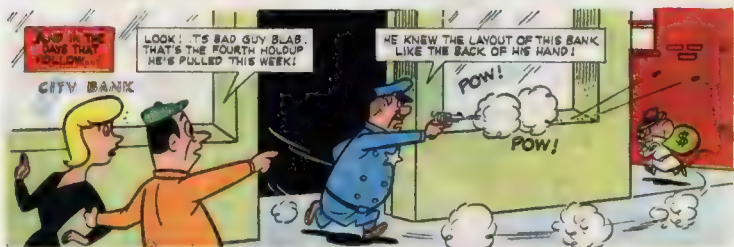
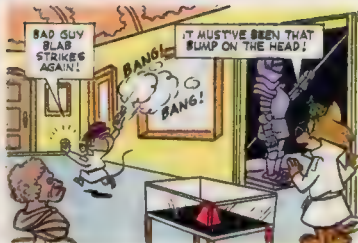
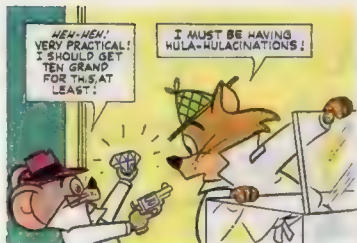






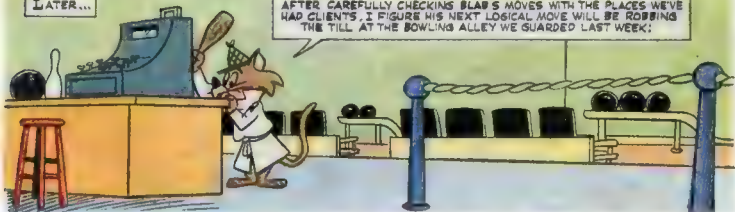
DON'T KNOCK IT



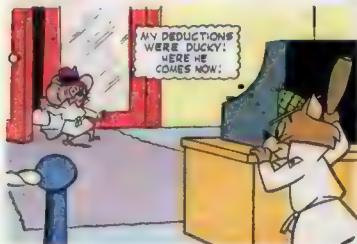


LATER...

AFTER CAREFULLY CHECKING BLAB'S MOVES WITH THE PLACES WE'VE HAD CLIENTS, I FIGURE HIS NEXT LOGICAL MOVE WILL BE ROBBING THE TILL AT THE BOWLING ALLEY WE GUARDED LAST WEEK!



MY DEDUCTIONS WERE DUCKY! HERE HE COMES NOW!



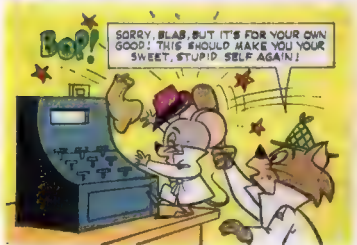
BAD GUY BLAB STRIKES AGAIN!

AND GOOD GUY SNOOP IS GOING TO STRIKE BAD GUY BLAB!



BOF!

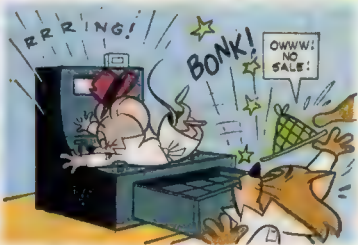
SORRY, BLAB, BUT IT'S FOR YOUR OWN GOOD! THIS SHOULD MAKE YOU YOUR SWEET, STUPID, SELF AGAIN!



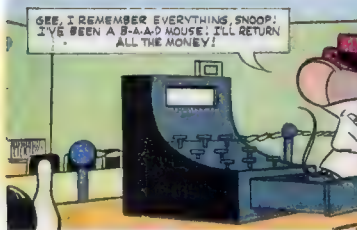
RRRING!

BONK!

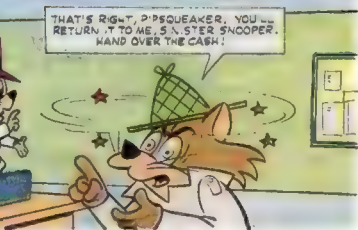
OWWW! NO SALE!



GEE, I REMEMBER EVERYTHING, SNOOP: I'VE BEEN A B-A-A-D MOUSE. I'LL RETURN ALL THE MONEY!

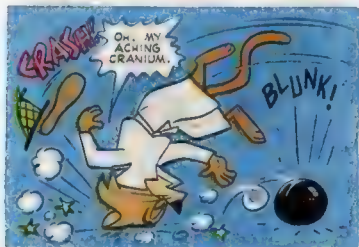
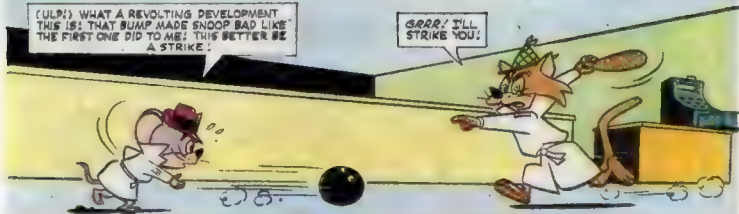


THAT'S RIGHT, PIPSQUEAKER, YOU'LL RETURN IT TO ME, SNEAKY SNOOPER. HAND OVER THE CASH!



(ULP!) WHAT A REVOLTING DEVELOPMENT
THIS IS! THAT BUMP MADE SNOOP BAD LIKE
THE FIRST ONE DID TO ME! THIS BETTER BE
A STRIKE!!

GRRR! I'LL
STRIKE YOU!



MMMM: BLAS MUST'VE KNOCKED ME OUT FOR
A MINUTE! THAT MEANS HE'S STILL BAD! I'D
BETTER TRY A HIT ON THE HEAD AGAIN!

NO! WAIT A
MINUTE, SNOOP!



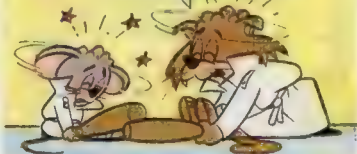
THIS IS FOR YOUR OWN GOOD!



I HAVE
TO DEFEND
MYSELF!

A BUNCH
OF BONKS
LATER...

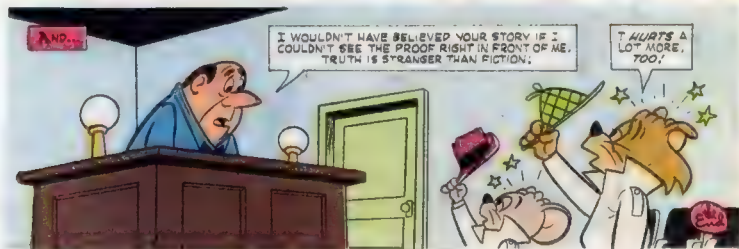
OWHH: IT TOOK A WHOLE OF
WHACKS BUT WE'RE FINALLY
BOTH GOOD AT THE SAME TIME!
NOW, WE BETTER GO TO THE POLICE!



AND...

I WOULDN'T HAVE BELIEVED YOUR STORY IF I
COULDN'T SEE THE PROOF RIGHT IN FRONT OF ME.
TRUTH IS STRANGER THAN FICTION!

IT HURTS A
LOT MORE,
TOO!



THE LION'S SHARE



Snagglepuss stopped in front of the big circus tent and read the sign.

"Clown Wanted. Inquire Within," he sighed. "Egad! To think that I, the great thespian, would fall so low." He raised the tent flap and went in.

The circus manager looked up and scowled as Snagglepuss approached him.

"Are you applying for a job as clown in a lion's costume?" he shouted.

"Sir, this 'costume,' as you call it..." retorted Snagglepuss indignantly.

However, the manager did not give him a chance to continue or explain.

"Your lion skin doesn't even fit you," he interrupted. "It's full of wrinkles."

"That, dear sir," answered Snagglepuss, "is due to the fact that I have the appetite of a lion and, unfortunately, no funds with which to satisfy it."

"In plain words, you're hungry and you need a job," the circus man stated. "Well, what experience have you had?"

"I've done everything in the theater," Snagglepuss told him. Then, striking a heroic pose, he added, "Of course, I'm accustomed to playing the hero."

"You won't have much chance to be a hero around here," the man laughed. "Okay, I'll try you, but I still say, I've never seen a clown in a lion skin before."

Just then, a shout rang through the circus grounds. "Beware! A lion is loose!"

"Run for your life," the circus manager shouted to Snagglepuss, as he rushed past him and out of the big tent.

A moment later, the tent flap moved slowly, and a large lion came slinking through on silent feet. He and Snagglepuss

eyed each other suspiciously for a moment.

Snagglepuss spoke first. He said, "Hi."

"Greetings, brother," replied the run-away lion.

"Why did you escape?" asked Snagglepuss. "Don't you like it here?"

"Sure, I like it," replied the lion. "But things were getting a little dull, so I decided to stir up some excitement."

"That gives me a great idea," cried Snagglepuss. "As long as you don't really want to escape, how about letting me 'capture' you? That would cinch a job for me."

"Glad to help a pal," agreed the lion.

As Snagglepuss led his now friend out of the tent toward his cage, the circus manager saw them and approached cautiously.

"Have no fear," called Snagglepuss. "I have this ferocious beast under control."

When the lion was securely locked behind the bars of his cage, the manager rushed up to Snagglepuss to congratulate him.

"I was wrong when I said you'd never be a hero around here," apologized the manager. "How can I reward you?"

"Easily, dear sir," answered Snagglepuss eagerly. "Make me the star of the show."

The man hesitated. "I'm still not sure that you should wear that lion costume."

Snagglepuss quickly changed the subject. "Also, you should give this ferocious lion a double ration of steak every day."

"I'll do that right away," agreed the manager, rushing off.

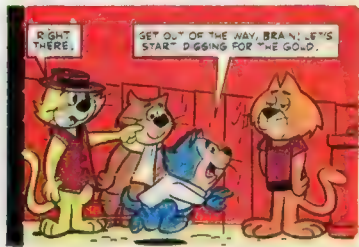
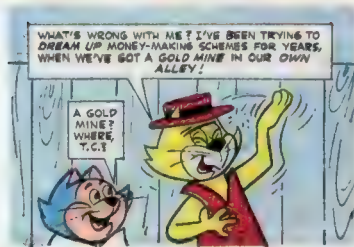
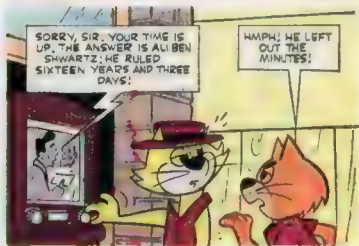
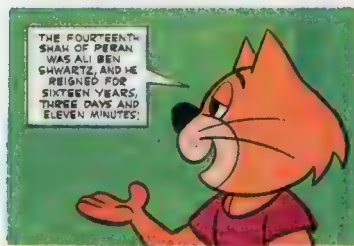
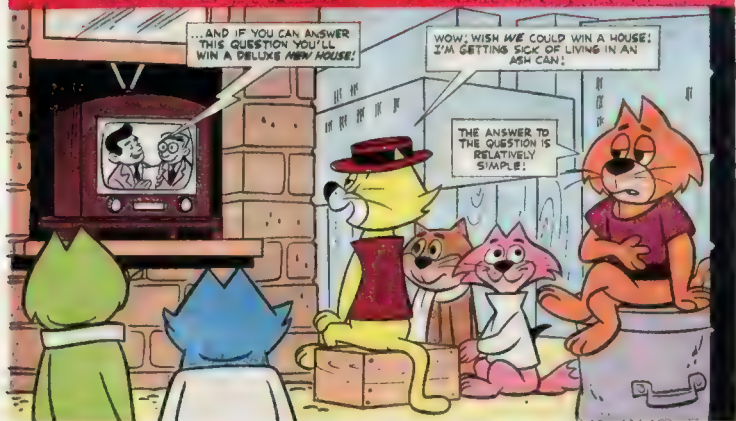
Snagglepuss and the lion looked at each other and roared, and no one recognized the roar as lion laughter.

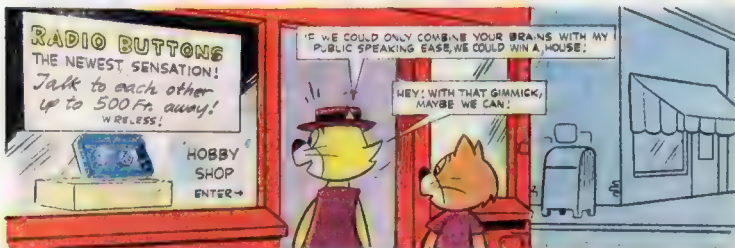
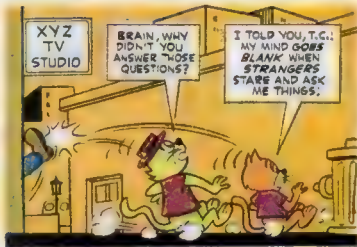
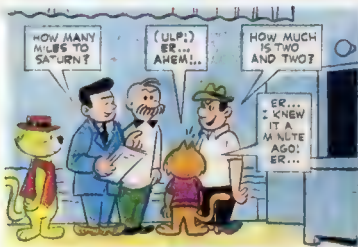
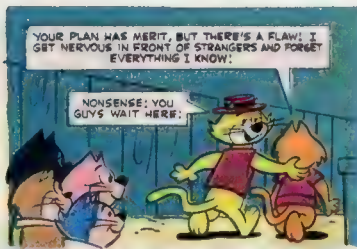
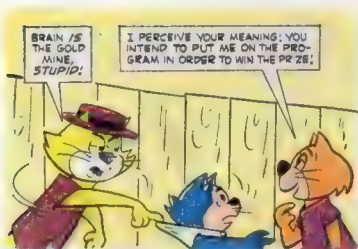
"We both got the lion's share of that deal," chuckled Snagglepuss.

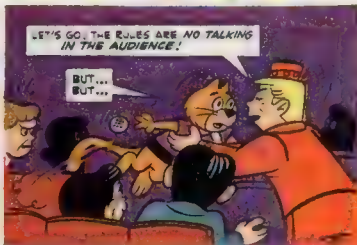
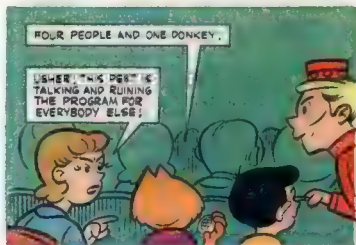
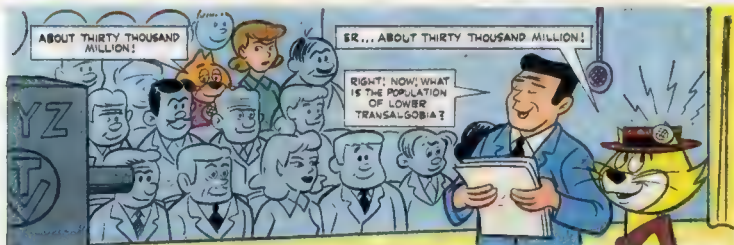
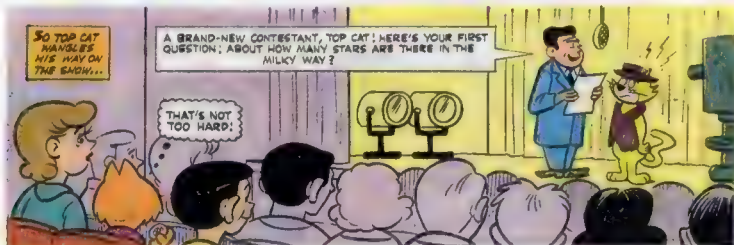
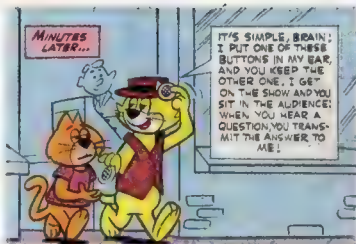
Hanna-Barbera

TOP CAT

ALMOST A GENIUS







FOUR PEOPLE AND A DONKEY!

CORRECT!
ANSWER THIS
NEXT
QUESTION
AND YOU
WIN A
HOUSE!

WHAT DID NAPOLEON SAY WHEN
HE BECAME RULER OF FRANCE?

COME ON,
BRAIN!

LOOK, MOMMY: I
FOUND A BUTTON!

ER...LOOK
MOMMY: I
FOUND A
BUTTON!

HA, HA, HA! SORRY, THAT'S
WRONG; BUT, YOU'VE WON
OUR CONSOlation PRIZE
...A SET OF ONE HUNDRED
VOLUMES OF ENCYCLOPEDIAS
TO HELP YOU GET SMARTER!

SHORTLY...

SORRY I
LET YOU
DOWN, T.C.!

THAT'S OKAY;
WE'LL GET A
NEW ASIDE
OUT OF THIS
DEAL YET!

AND...

HEH, HEH! WE'VE
GOT A NEW PAD,
AND WE DON'T
HAVE TO WORRY
ABOUT TERMITES!

NO, BUT WE BETTER BE
CAREFUL ABOUT
BOOKWORMS!

Hanna-Barbara
Snooper and Blabber

THE GAG-NAPPER

SNOOP AND BLAB HAVE A FAMOUS CELEBRITY IN THEIR OFFICE... JOKEY JENNSON, TV COMEDIAN...

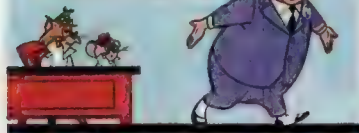
LET ME GET THIS STRAIGHT, MR. JENNSON... SOMEBODY IS STEALING YOUR JOKES AND YOUR ROUTINES BEFORE YOU GET A CHANCE TO USE THEM?

THAT'S RIGHT! AND IF IT KEEPS UP, I'LL BE RUINED!



EVERY NIGHT I REHEARSE MY JOKES IN THE PRIVACY OF MY OFFICE, BUT BEFORE I CAN DO THEM ON THE AIR, SOME TWO-BIT COMEDIAN DOWNTOWN IS DOING THEM IN A NIGHT CLUB!

THEN I CAN'T DO THE JOKES! PEOPLE WOULD THINK I STOLE THEM FROM HIM!



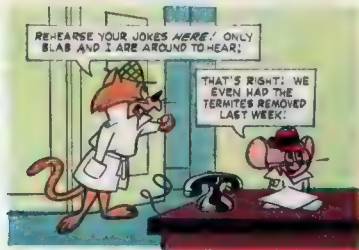
HAHAHA! SOMEBODY MUST BE LISTENING IN WHILE YOU DO YOUR ROUTINES!

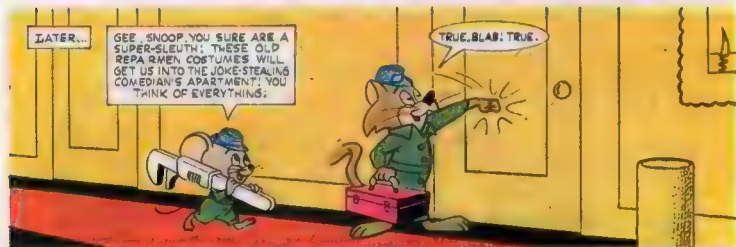
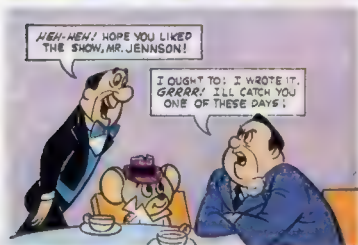
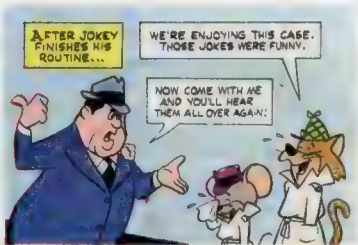


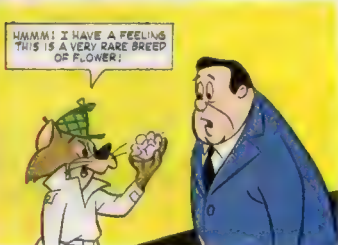
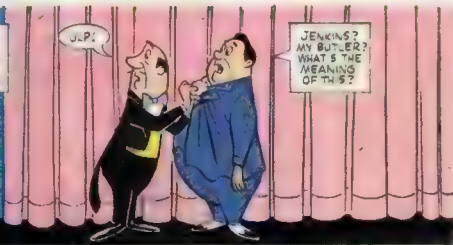
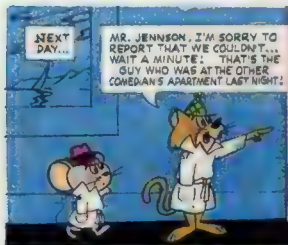
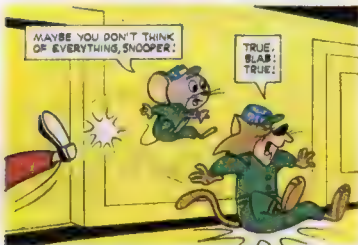
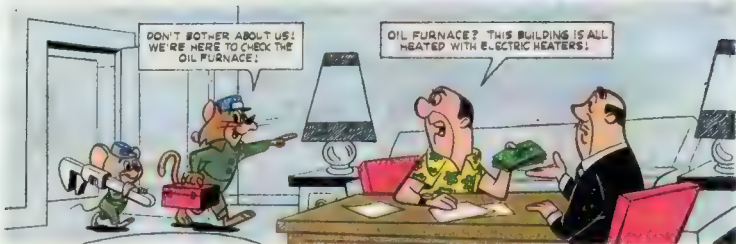
REHEARSE YOUR JOKES HERE! ONLY BLAB AND I ARE AROUND TO HEAR!

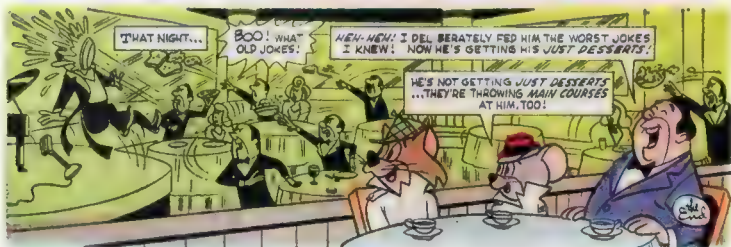
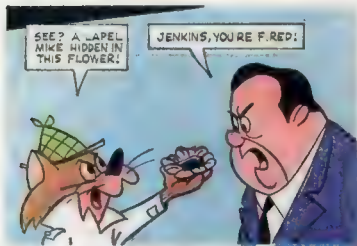
THAT'S RIGHT! WE EVEN HAD THE TERMITES REMOVED LAST WEEK!

OKAY! I'VE GOT SOME NEW JOKES! MADE THEM UP THIS MORNING! THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I'VE TOLD THEM...



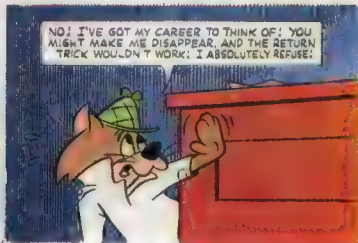
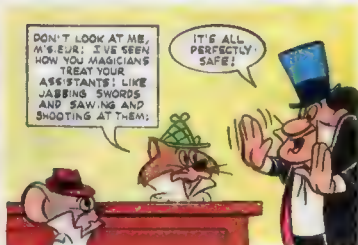


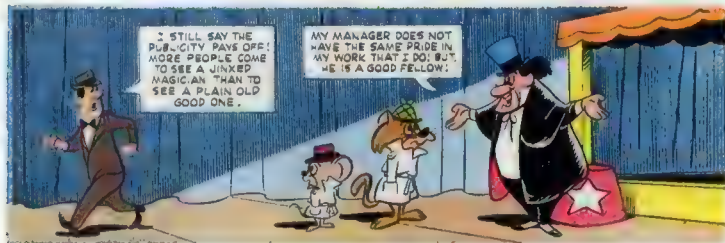
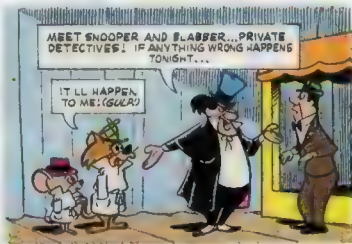
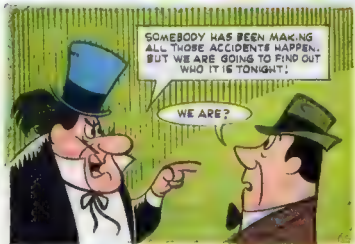


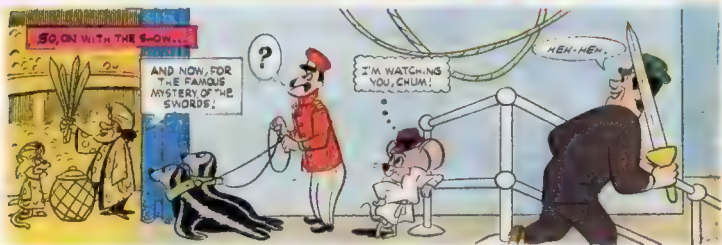
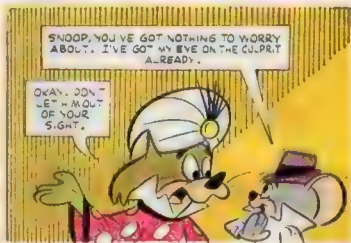


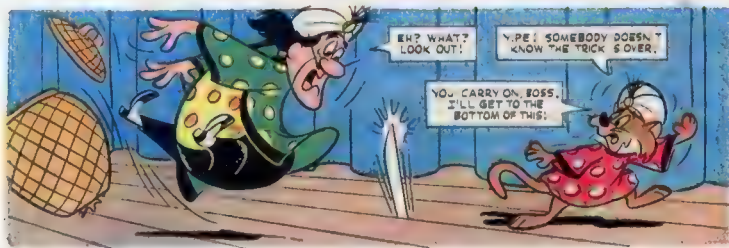
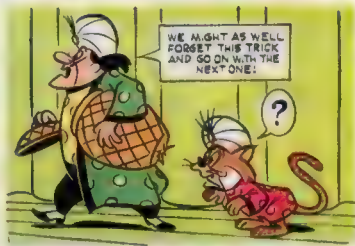
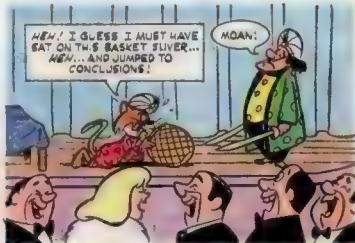
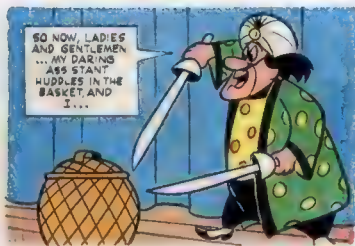
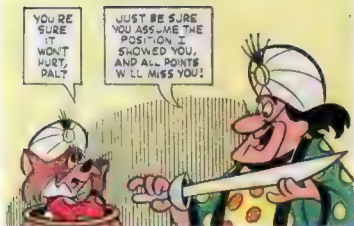
Hanna-Barbera
Snooper and Blabber

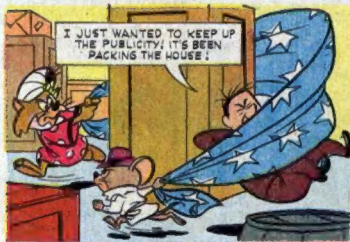
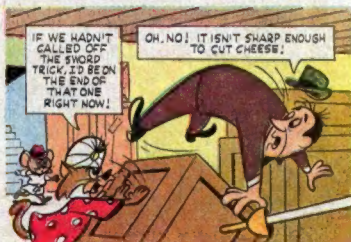
MAGIC MENACE





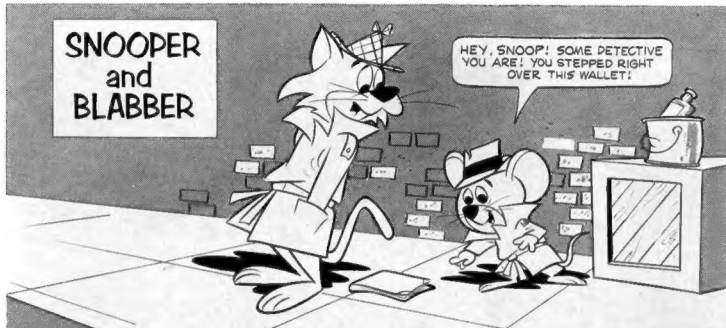








SNOOPER and BLABBER



SNOOPER and BLABBER

PIN-UP NO. 1

